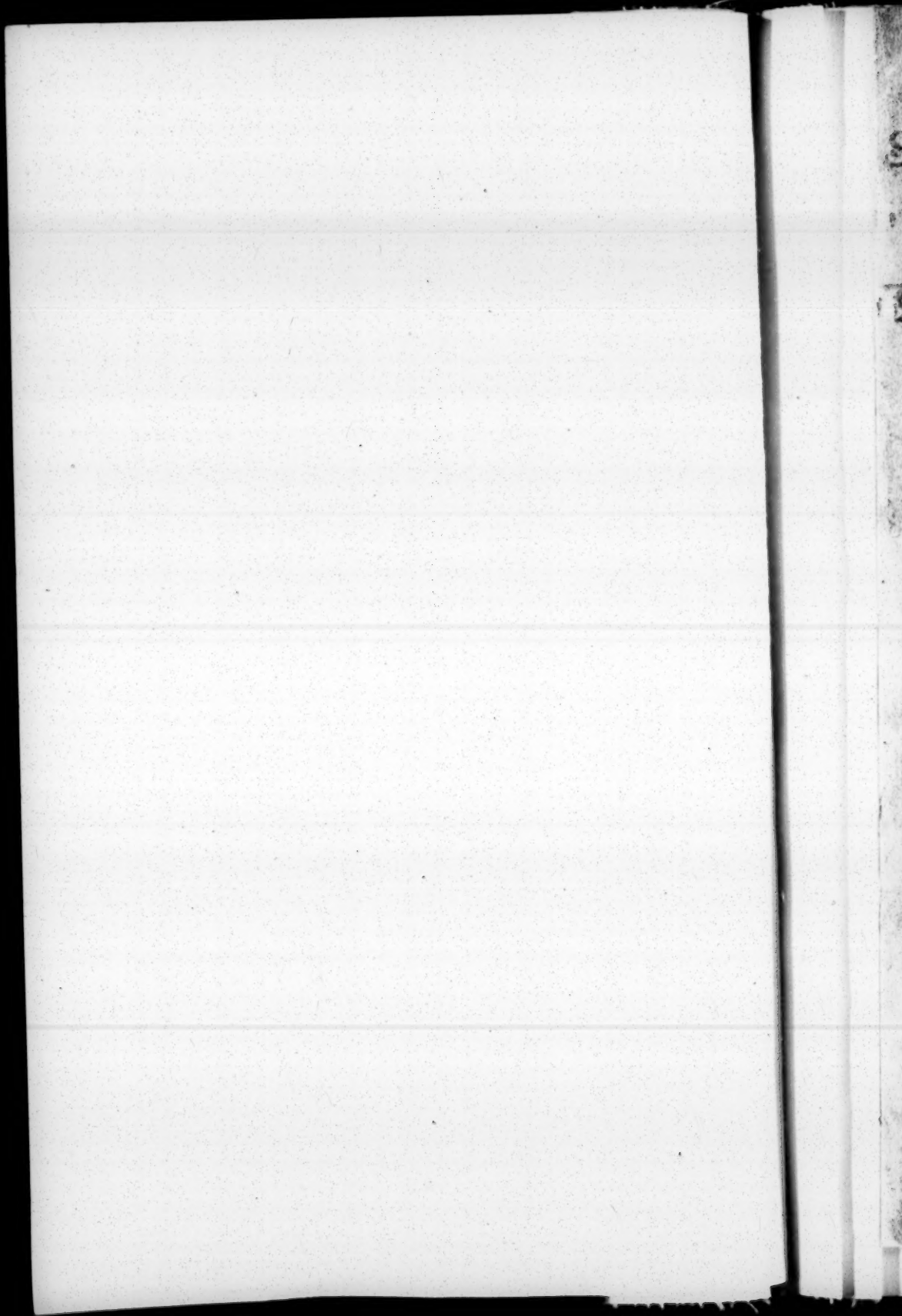


THE
Sinner's **REDEMPTION,**
OR,
The Ascension of the Gospel by
JESUS CHRIST.



Birmingham: Printed by Esther Butler.



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The Birds Declaration.

A Religious Man inventing the Conceit
of both Birds and Beasts, drawn
the Picture of Our Saviour's Birth, do
thus express them.



*The Cock Croweth,
Christus Natus est,
Christ is born,*

(3)

The Raven asked,

Quando,

When,

The Crow replied

Hac nocte,

This Night,

The Ox cried out,

Ubi, Ubi,

Where, Where,

The Sheep blated out,

Berhelem, Berhelem,

A Voice from Heaven soundeth,

Gloria in Excelsis,

Glory be on High,

Whilst Armies of Angels sung, Alleluja,

Apo: XXX

Salvation and Glory and Honour and Power,

be to the Lord our God.

L E T

LET Christians all with one Accord Rejoice,
And Praises sing with Heart as well as Voice
To God on High, for glorious Things he's done,
By sending us his Well beloved Son.

The blessed Babe, and holy Child of Love,
Came down from Heaven that we might Reign above
The happy News was brought on Angel's Wings,
Of our Redemption by the King of Kings.

An earthly Wonder not to be deny'd;
Born of a Virgin, Mother and a Bride,
Not like a Prince in worldly Pomp and State;
But poor and mean to make us heavenly Great.

The Night before this happy Day of Grace:
The Virgin Wife had no abiding Place,
She and her pious Joseph were so low,
They scarcely knew what, or which way to go.

For they were forc'd to wander up and down;
And could not get a Lodging in the Town,
But in an Ox's Stall were Beasts are fed:

The Mother of our Lord was brought to bed.

No costly Silks, nor Robes of rich Attire:
No gaudy Shows for Great Ones to Admire,
But in a Manger the great Lord of Life;
Was nourish'd by a Mother, Maid and Wife.

Three Wise Men by a Star was thither brought
And found the blessed Babe they long had sought
Where best of Spices, and Rich costly Things:
They humbly offer'd to the King of Kings.

And rather than the Lord of Life betray:
They worshiped and went home another Way,
Which so enrag'd the wicked Herod then,
A Jewish King indeed, but worst of Men.

He caus'd young harmless Infants to be kill'd,
 All under two Years old, their Blood was spill'd,
 And Cries and Groans were heard in every Street,
 With mingled Babes, bleeding Hands and Feet.

Young tender Babes, their Limbs in Pieces torn,
 On Soldiers Spears with Horror, Spight and Scorn,
 Dear Parents Tears could not their Rage prevent,
 No Pity could move the Tyrant to repent.

The black Decree went all the Country round,
 To kill and murder Children sick and sound.

And tore young Babes even from their Mothers Breast,
 In hopes to murder Christ among the Kest,
 But God above who knew what would be done,
 He sent to Ægypt his beloved Son.

Where with his Earthly Parents he was led,
 Until the bloody Tyrant he was dead;

What Dangers and what Hazards did he run;
 Both Night and Day lest we should be undone,
 What Pains, and Labour did he not indure,
 To save our Souls and Happiness secure?

Was always doing Good; to let us see,
 By his Example what we out to be,
 He made the Blind to see, and Lame to go,
 And rais'd the Dead, which none but GOD
 could do.

He cur'd the Lipers of infected Evils,
 And by Almighty Power cast out Devils,
 He honour'd Marriage with a Heavenly Sign,
 By turning Water to the best of Wine.

Five Thousand hungry Souls by him were Fed,
 With two small Fishes; and five Loaves of Bread,
 Sufficient Plenty and a welcome Treat,
 Each wandering Guest with Thanks and Praises eat.
 When gathering up the Fragments of the Feast,
 The Wonder like the Loaves Where none increas'd,
 Twelve Baskets full; not half so much before,
 Instead of wasting, still increasing more.

But yet for all the Wonders which he wrought
 Ungreatful Jews still his Destruction sought,
 And that their wicked Purpose might not miss,
 Brib'd Judas to betray him with a Kiss.

Which being done, away they haul'd him then,
 And us'd him as the very worst of Men,
 Spit in his Face, and with approachful scores,
 They put upon his Head a Crown of Thorns.

Cry'd with one Voice, and would not be deny'd,
 To Pilate then he should be Crucify'd,
 The wicked Judge, like Injustice now,
 To please the Crowd, did their Request allow.

Against his Conscience, he to endless Strife,
 Condemn'd to Death the Blessed Lord of Life,
 Then to the Cross, the Saviour of Mankind,
 Was led, as harmless Lamb, as was design'd.

To save our Souls, condemn'd by Adam's Fall,
 Without whose Death we had been ruin'd all,
 His blessed Hands and Feet with bitter Pain,
 Were nail'd to the Tree with sad Disdain.

With hateful Spears they pierc'd his Tender Skin,
 And let our Blood to wash away our Sin,
 That blest Jesus freely did resign.

His precious Life, to save both Teine and Mine,

On the Birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

O See Man's Saviour in Bethelam born,
 His Lodging base, he himself held in scorn,
 The Crib at which the Ox and Ass were fed,
 Mary (Christ's Mother) made her Young Son's Bed,
 Yet see how Shepherds fall down flat before them,
 And how the wise Men do with Gifts adore them
 Hark how a Choir of Heavenly Angles sing,
 Sweet Carols at the Birth of this new King.
 O happy Man when thus thy Soul to save,
 Christ comes from Heaven,
 And makes himself a Slave.
 See here that Pillar, which being naked bound,
 Thy Christ had his Flesh rent,
 With many a Wound.
 When the Cock crows, let it their Grief afford,
 To think how Peter thrice deny'd his Lord,
 See Judas Lanthorn, and see Judas Peace,
 See the Dice throw, unclouth Innocence.
 See Pincers, Nails and Hammers, how they meet,
 To nail to the Cross Christ's blessed Hands and Feet,
 O wretched Man? since Christ for thee thus dy'd,
 Let him not still by thee be Crucify'd,

An

An Epitaph upon CHRIST, who was buried in a new Tomb cut out of a Rock, in which no Man but he was ever inclos'd.

WITHIN this Rock, the Rock himself is laid,
Who both the Tomb, and the Tomb-maker made :

A Man he was, there was no such Man before ;
None liv'd so just, none so unjustly dy'd,
He was in Debt for nothing, yet did pay,
The Debt of all the World on a set Day,
Of ne'er a Woman so much could he say,
When he was born, his Mother was a Maid,
In Life and Death he freely gave Relief ;
To Sinners, witness was that repentant Thief ;
When on the Cross confessing him his Lord,
He unto him did Paradise afford,
It happen'd well he so by Jews was Crost ;
For all the Souls in this World else had been lost,
Thirty three Years he liv'd ; had he not been ;
No Christian upon Earth had e'er been seen,
He dy'd a King yet was a Begger born ;
And wore [which no King did] a Crown of Thorns,
First went he to the Grave, from thence to Hell,
Then up to Heaven, and there this King doth Dwell.

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